[Vol. 1] THE [No. 27.]

WEEKLY VISITANT.

"OURS ARE THE PLANS OF FAIR DELIGHTFUL PEACE,
"UNWARP'D BY PARTY RAGE, TO LIVE LIKE BROTHERS."

SALEM—SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 5, 1806.

ON MUSIC....No. 2.

ON DESIGN.

Design, in Music, is justly defined by Rousseau to be the invention and the conduct of the subject, the disposition of every part, and the general order of the whole.

It is not sufficient to form beautiful airs, and a legitimate harmony; all these must be connected by a principal subject, to which all the parts of the work relate, and by which they become one. Thus unity ought to prevail in the air, in the movement, in the character, in the harmony, and in the modulation. All these must indispensably relate to one common idea which unites them. The greatest difficulty is, to reconcile the observation of those precepts with an elegant variety, which, if not introduced, renders the whole piece irksome and monotonie. Without question, the musician, as well as the poet and the painter, may risk every thing in favour of this delightful variety; if, under the pretext of contrasting, they do not endeavor to cheat us with false appearances, and, instead of pieces justly and happily planned, present us with a musical minced-meat, composed of little abortive fragments, and of characters so incompatible, that the whole assembled, forms a heterogeneous monster.

Non ut placidis coeant immitia, non ut
Serpentes avibus geminenter, tigribus agri.

Translated thus:

But not that nature should revers'd appear;
Mix mild with fierce, and gentle with severe;
Profane her laws to contradiction's height:
Tygers with lambs, with serpents birds unite.

It is therefore in a distribution formed with intelligence and taste, in a just proportion between all the parts, that the perfection of design consists; and it is above all, in this point, that the immortal Pergoleso has shewn his judgement and his taste. His *Sterbat Mater*, his *Orfeo*, his *Serva Padrona*, are, in three different species of composition, three master-pieces of *design* equally perfect.

This idea of the general design of a work is likewise particularly appliable to every piece of which it consists: thus the composer plans an air, a duet, a chorus, &c. For this purpose after having invented his subject, he distributes it, according to the rules of a legitimate modulation, into all the parts where it ought to be perceived, in such a propotion, that its impression may not be lost on the minds of the audience; yet that it may never be reiterated in their ears, without the graces of novelty. The composer errs in designing who suffers his subject to be forgot; he is still more culpable who pursues it till it becomes trite and tiresome.

SELECTED.

THE STARLING.

A NOVEL IN MINIATURE.

CHAPTER I.

A SOLILOQUY.

"See where she leans her cheek upon her hand.
"Oh! that I were a glove upon that hand,
"That I might kiss her cheek!"

SUCH was the attitude of Maria, and such might have been the wish of any one who is susceptible of tenderness, and whose heart has ever felt the sympathising throb, awakened by beauty when melancholy has given resistless allurement to the features.

"Alas!" sighed she, "how hopeless is this cruel passion, which, I have suffered to obtrude itself into my bosom!—But how could I resist the allurements of such a form, united with such merits of the heart, and of the understanding?—Yet I ought to have resisted. How could I expect that a man of Courtney's opulence, would condescend to cast a thought on a poor friendless orphan, whose scanty fortune exceeds not the limits of the humblest competency! —Yet my family was once not much inferior in honour or opulence to his own: and sure the mind of my Courtney is too noble to be swayed by the selfish prejudices of the vulgar crowd. But what to me avails the generosity of his heart, if that heart sympathizes not with the emotions of mine. Unhappy sex! forbad at once by custom and instinctive delicacy, to reveal the tender impressions of which we are but too susceptible; if we love it is without hope—while to our sufferings even the mournful consolation of pity is denied:—But perhaps I merit this misery; perhaps that female heart approaches too near to wantonness, which is yielded unsolicited to the influence of so tender a passion. Prudence, and the opinion of the age, forbid attachment from beginning on the part of the female; but will the instincts of nature subside at the formal mandates of prudence; will the tenderest passion of the soul be influenced by the cold dictates of opinion; can the heart on which nature has affixed her impress, be new moulded by the maxims of fashion. Why are our sex endowed with sensibility? why are we thus susceptible of tenderness, if the softest, the earliest, the most powerful of all the effects of such a disposition is inconsistent with the delicacy of our nature. Of what can I reproach myself but being too sensible of merit, and imbibing, ere I was aware, a passion, which, with painful caution, I have endeavoured to conceal."

Thus, while the tear thrembled in her eye, meditated the lovely Maria Howard, when her soliloquy was interrupted by the appearance of a servant, who summoned her into the drawing-room, to officiate at the altar of Hysonia informing her at the same time, with all the officious eagerness of a confidential chambermaid, that Mr. Courtney was below with her aunt.

CHAPTER II.

EXPLANATIONS. GALLANTRY.

"And every tongue that lisps forth Romeo's name,
"Speaks heav'nly eloquence."

This speech of Juliet breaths the genuine spirit of love, as the following circumstance will illustrate. It is necessary, before we proceed, to inform the reader of a circumstance which, however trifling it may appear, will be found of some importance at the conclusion of our story. In short, then, the pensive hours of Maria were not a little cheered by the society of one of those little natives of the British grove, who are endowed alike with the power of warbling the notes of tutored melody, and of imitating the voice and accents of man. And, as the name of Courtney, followed always with a sigh, was almost constantly escaping from the lips of Maria, this little starling was not long before it learned to articulate the same tender sound, to the no small

satisfaction of the pensive beauty. To the name that is dear to us, we are ever happy to listen ; and the tongue which most frequently repeats it, sounds with the sweetest harmony in our ears. No wonder then that the lovely Maria soon grew so fond of a little prattler, that from morning to night was continually calling upon one for whom she entertained the most pure and ardent affection. She fed it with her own hand, she conversed with it for hours, and became as fond of it as the tender mother is of her infant child.

But to resume the thread of our narrative, as soon as our heroine was informed that Courtney was below, she blushed, and with spirits all in a flutter (anxious, no doubt, to shew her dutiful obedience to her aunt, by the promptitude with which she attended to her summons) hastened to the drawing room, forgetting even to give her favourite bird the accustomed kiss, or to shut the little prattler in his cage.

Courtney had been, hitherto, entertaining the old lady with news and politics, for which, like most of her sisterhood, she had a most ardent passion. But as soon as youth and beauty beamed before him in full radiance (for a sudden blush restored the faded blossom to Maria's cheek) the sprightly gallant began to display his talent for a softer kind of conversation.

"Why have we been deprived of the pleasure of your company, all this while, Miss Maria. We have been in want of your judgment to decide our controversy, or rather of your sweet influence to dissipate the dispute."

Maria only replied by her confusion ; but Miss Susannah was more eloquent.

"Her not attending," said the aunt, "is a matter of insignificant importation. The paucity of ideas universally observable in feminine juveniility, would have rendered our serious cogitations unintelligible to her peurile comprehension. Novels and romances would have been more accordant to her ratiocinations."—"Your observations would be perfectly just, if applied to the generality of young ladies," replied Courtney, "but Miss Maria, perhaps very prudently, always avoids political topics, yet, from the little of her conversation with which she favours us, we have no reason to doubt her ability to display the excellencies of a fine understanding upon any subject. Besides I am a little of a physiogomist, and will venture to pronounce, that those eyes do not receive all their lustre from their structure and their colour."

Hope, cheerful soother of the sorrowing heart, whispered Maria that there was an unsual softness in the tone and manner of delivering the latter part of this sentence. The silence too which succeeded, so very uncommon with Courtney in the company of the fair sex, had to her mind's ear a kind of eloquent tongue, which argued the truth of her supposition.

And now, with a trembling hand, and a mind intent on far other worship, the beautiful Maria began to minister at the boiling fount of Hysonia

If thou hast a heart O reader ; thou wouldest undoubtedly have been charmed, hadst thou seen the graceful motion with which the lily-handed priestess guided the odoriferous streams into those inverted miniatures of the ethereal concave, vulgarly called tea cups ; and viewed her pouring out the delicious cream, which, conscious of the superior whiteness of her hand, dived under the teeming lake to avoid comparison, and there testified its envy by the cloudy appearance which it assumed. Courtney had hitherto continued that unusual silence which we have heretofore noticed. But a deep sigh which escaped, unobserved by herself, from the bosom of the priestess, roused him from his reverie—as the reader will see in the next chapter.

[*To be continued.*]

SENSIBILITY.

A FRAGMENT.

——————————Not that affected stuff which screams at the sight of a spider, or faints at the agonies of a dying fly, and yet can spurn a beggar from the door, or treat an aged parent with neglect :—Delia has too much good sense, too much greatness of soul, to play off such frightful distortion of features, and such pitiful debility of mind, thro' an equally pitiful affectation. No ; she has the sensibility of a heart naturally tender

and exquisitly benevolent. Her soft melting eye bespeaks a soul that is united to all around her, and ready, with a sister's feeling, to mingle their joys and sorrows. If she confers a favour, it is with an air of satisfaction that more than doubles its worth. And if obliged to deny, it appears to give her such generous distress, that you cannot but love the poor girl, and feel yourself her debtor. When we have seen her at a single word from her mother, fly to her harpsichord, and play with as much spirit as some others would exert to please a young lover—or, when we have seen her, beautiful as an angel, kneeling by her gouty father, with all the tenderness of a young bride, helping on with his shoe—or, when we have seen her in high spirits, and the finest chat, all at once turn serious and silent on hearing the breath of slander; we have felt that if there be any one grace which, more lovely than another, makes a young woman look like an angel, it is sensibility like Delia's. This sweet sympathy with the pleasures and pains of others; this lively expression of joy at seeing her acquaintance; this amiable benevolence shining, I like to have said speaking in the countenance, is more than beautiful, it is beauty itself. It can make a homely woman handsome, and a handsome woman an angel. It is beauty in hand and beauty in reversion; it insures that tenderness in the future wife, which kindles the lover's flame to rapture; it insures the dutifulness in the daughter which causes the parent, with weeping joy, to bless his God for such a child; and it insures that compassion in the mistress and in the mother, which sweetens every duty of domestic life, and renders our families the nurseries of all those gentle virtues that adorn and bless mankind.

THIRTEEN ALLEGORIES.

I. Human thoughts are like the planetary system, where many are fixed, and many wander, and many continue forever unintelligible; or rather like meteors, which generally lose their substance with their lustre.

II. The understanding is like the sun, which gives light and life to the whole intellectual world; but the memory regarding those things only that are past, is like the moon, which is new and full, and has her wane by turns.

III. The world is a sea, and life and death are its ebbing and flowing. Wars are the storms which agitate and toss it into fury and faction. The tongues of its enraged inhabitants are then as the noise of many waters. Peace is the calm which succeeds the tempest, and hushes the billows of interest and passion to rest. Prosperity is the sun whose beams produce plenty and comfort. Adversity is a portentous cloud impregnated with discontent, and often burst in a torrent of desolation and destruction.

IV. Wit is like a lily. The one is as pleasant to the ear as the other is to the eye; and if not timely gathered, soon withers and dies.

V. On the tower of ambition hangs the dial of industry where the sun of good fortune marks the time and progress of friendship on the figure of ambition.

VI. Every man may learn the elements of geography, which is the noblest science in the world, from an attention to the temperature of his own mind.

Melancholy is the *North Pole.*
Envy the *South.*
Choler the *Torrid Zone.*
Ambition the *Zodiac,*
Joy the *Ecliptic Line,*
Justice the *Equinoctial,*
Prudence and Temperance the *Arctic* and *Antarctic Circles,*
Patience and fortitude the *Tropics.*

VII. Every little fly, and every little pebble, and every little flower, are tutors in the great school of Nature, to instruct the mind and better the heart. The four elements are the four volumes in which all her works are written.

VIII. They who take self love for their guide, ride in the paths of partiality, on the horse of adulation, to the Judge of falshood; but he who prefers the mandate of reason, rides in the way of probability, on the courser of

prudence—His Journey will then be as pleasing as the object of it, which is truth.

IX. Human destiny is a nut, of which human life is the shell, and reputation the kernel. Crack it gently, and you enjoy its whole value entire and at once. But open it roughly, and ten to one you break the shell or bruise the kernel, or reduce the whole into one useless compound.

X. Prudence through the ground of misery cuts a river of patience, where the mind swims in boats of tranquility along the streams of life, until she arrives at the haven of death, where all streams meet.

XI. Spite creeps like a snake out of the hedge of deceit, or the sand bed of hypocrisy, and having fermented its venom by basking in the sun of prosperity, aims the most deadly wound at the fairest fame.

XII. The mind is a garden, where all manner of seeds are sown.
Prosperities are *fine painted tulips.*
Innocency *white lilies.*
The Virtues *sweet gilliflowers, roses, violets and primroses.*
Learning *savoury herbage.*
Affliction *rue, wormwood, and rhubarb.*
Pride, ambition, extortion, *nightshade* and *hellebore.*
Stupidity *poppy.*
Sloth and Ignorance, *briers* and *thistles.*

XIII. Justice should be a man's *governor.*
Temperance his *friend.*
Prudence his *counsellor.*
Fortitude his *companion.*
Hope his *food.*
Charity his *house.*
Faith or sincerity his *porter.*
Wit his *companion.*
Love his *bed-fellow.*
Patience his *mistress.*
Reason his *secretary*, and
Judgment his *steward.*

SELECTED POETRY.

MR. GOOD'S VERSION OF THE THIRD CHAPTER OF THE SONG OF SONGS.

Royal Bride.

'Twas in the night: my head the pillow pressed,
And anxious dreams, disturbed my throbbing breast;
I sought the darling object of my pain;
Intent I sought him—but I sought in vain:

Abrupt I rose, in hopes my love to meet;
Wide through the city, wearying every street,
I sought the darling object of my pain;
Intent I sought him—but I sought in vain.

The midnight watchmen found me as I strayed;
Of them I sought, with spirit deep dismayed,
"Saw ye the darling object of my pain!"
Of them I sought him—but I sought in vain.

Not long I left them, ere, with rapture crowned,
The darling object of my pain I found.
I held him firm, forbade him more to roam,
And instant brought him to my mother's home.

Daughters of Salem born! by all ye prize,
The graceful hind, the roe with luscious eyes,
I charge you stir not—hushed be every breeze,
Watch o'er my love, nor wake him till he please."

TO THE ROSE IN JUNE.

BY DROMORE.

Prepare sweet Rose ! thy balmy treat,
And all thy vivid charms display,
For lo ! the anxious zephyrs wait,
To waft their fragrant draught away.

And lo, the fond expectant bee
Now wanders o'er the flow'ry plain,
And searches every plain for thee,
And longs to meet his Rose again.

And hark the minstrels of the grove,
For thee exert their vocal powers,
Mirth, beauty, melody and love,
Invoke thee to adorn their bowers.

Then bid thy blushing leaves expand,
In all thy birth-day beauty drest ;
Prepare to grace my SUSAN's hand—
Prepare to bloom upon her breast.

And when thy tints begin to fade,
And when thy fragrant charms decline,
Then teach the dear and lovely maid,
That beauty's reign resembles thine.

::::::::::

FROM THE PORT FOLIO,

THE MISTAKE.

O'er lovely Ellen's shoulder's peeping,
On the green turf Lubin told
His love ! the maiden kindly hearing,
Made the modest shepherd bold.

A jasmine Lubin spied and bringing
Near the spot where Ellen laid,
He pluck'd and in her bosom flinging
The flowers, he thus address'd the maid—

"You little witch ! I feel your power !
Be these the harbingers of bliss !
For, by the Lord, I'll count each flower
And for each flower I'll have a kiss."

The blushing maiden downward throwing
Her eyes, the number to explore,
Cried, "*See two rose-buds* here are glowing ;
Lubin take two kisses more."

MISCELLANEOUS.

SCEPTICISMS AND CURIOSITY,

Chi non sa niente, non dubita di niente, "He who knows nothing, doubts of nothing," says an Italian proverb. Scepticism and curiosity are the chief springs of knowledge. Without the first, we might rest contented with prejudices and false information : without the second, the mind would become indifferent and torpid.

CENSURE.

So numerous are the imperfections of every man, that no one can with security undertake to scrutinize severely the conduct of his nieghbor. But there

are individuals, whom their own situation may render more liable, and their behaviour may particularly expose to censure, who ought to be especially careful in the exercise of this privilege.—It is no new proverb that the inhabitant of a house of glass should not throw stones ; and it is an injunction, which has stood more than eighteen hundred years,—"first heal thyself."—Contrary to the modern maxims, we ought to be charitable to others ; search, censure, and reform at home.

However low may be its origin, the word *blackguard* must forever remain in use ; for doubtless there will ever be men to whom the meanness of its origin and import will render it peculiarly applicable. By the term, we understand *a vulgar fellow* for the man of spirit would not disgrace himself by low abuse, the man of honour would not abuse at all. It is most frequently conceived also that the censure is *unfounded*, and of course also *unfelt* ; for, were it just, it would he conveyed (if by a man who had a character to lose) in decent and manly terms ; without effect also for the real gentleman would scorn to resent the mad ebullitions of wounded pride, inflamed party rancor, or furious ungovernable revenge.

HUMANITY !

The following advertisement appeared, sometime since, in a Charleston paper :—"*Stop the Runaway ! Fifty dollars Reward !* Whereas my waiting fellow, Will, having eloped from me last Saturday, without any provocation (it being known that I am a humane master) the above reward will be paid to any one who will lodge aforesaid slave in some jail, or deliver him to me on my plantation at Liberty-Hall. Will may be known by the incisions of the whip on his back ; and I suspect has taken the road to Cosoohatchie, where he has a wife and five children, whom I sold last week to Mr. Gillespie.

A. LEVI."

AN ENGLISH ANECDOTE.

The Rev. Dr. H——, delighting much in the good things of this world, he so far indulged his hunger and thirst after delicacies, that he *found himself much in arrears* to many of his trading parishioners. Fortunately for him he lived in the rules of the King's Bench, which shielded him from the rude intrusions of clamourous creditors. The Doctor, however, was a man of humour, and frequently hit upon expedients to keep them in good temper. He once preached a sermon to them from the following text—"*Have patience, and I will pay ye all.*" He expatiated at great length on the virtue and advantage of *patience*. And now, my brethren, said he, I am come to the second part of my discourse, which is—"*And I will pay you all*"—but *that I shall defer to a future opportunity.*

It is reported, that an affair has lately taken place in high life, of so singular a nature, that if ever it come before the public, it will puzzle the sages of Westminster Hall, as much as the casuists of Doctors' Commons to decide upon it. Some years ago, a person of high rank obtained a divorce of his wife after having previously recovered damages against the adulterer who had seduced her. The seducer and the Lady were married immediately after, and lived together until very lately, when she suffered herself to be again seduced ! The new seducer is her *former husband.* [*Lon. pap.*

WEEKLY JOURNAL.

"To note the passing tidings of the times."

SALEM, JUNE 28—JULY 5, 1806.

28. Intelligence (says a Boston paper) had been received at St. Helena, at the date of the last intelligence from thence, that peace had been concluded between the British and all the powers in India.

30. A Georgetown, S.C. paper, of June 14th, says—We have been in-

formed that there are two French Privateers cruising off our bar, which fire at, and attempt to bring to, every vessel coming in or going out.

JULY 1. A most daring burglary was committed in Randolph county, N.C. on Sunday the 8th ult. While Mr. Wm. Bell, of Deep-River, with his wife, was attending divine service at some distance from home, in the middle of the day, his house was robbed of cash to the amount of about $1500, $1200 of which was in silver and gold. The villian shivered to pieces the desk which contained the money with an axe.

2. Accounts of the hostile disposition of the Indians on our North-Western frontiers are said to be alarming.

Though the Spring was uncommonly cold, dry, and backward, the season is now unusually promising, and the earth appears loaded with her best products.

3. The following article is taken from a Richmond paper of June 24th—"*George W. Swinney*, was yesterday called before the Examining Court of this city, on the charge of poisoning his Great Uncle, the venerable GEORGE WYTHE, and a servant boy. He was unanimously remanded to jail for further trial before the district Court to be had in September next.

Information received by the arrival of Capt. Edwards, at Boston from Calcutta, confirm the account of a general peace in India.

4. The natal day of our INDEPENDENCE was celebrated by the citizens of this town with all the ardor of freemen. The day was ushered in by the fireing of cannon, and the bells rang at sunrise. At 10, o'clock a procession was formed in Court-Street, which was escorted to the Branch Meeting House, by the Salem Cadets, where an Oration was delivered by Mr. Henry A.S. Dearborn, which was welcomed by the loud plandits of the auditors. At 11 o'clock a Military Procession was formed on Washington Square, consisting of many of the commissioned officers of this brigade, the Salem Artillery, the Salem Light Infantry, and the Beverly Light Infantry. Many private citizens also joined in the procession. They moved to the South Meeting House, where Maj. Swett delivered an Oration, to which very warm approbation was expressed. The military dined on Washington Square, and many parties dined in different places. Throughout the day the welkin rang with the report of cannon charged to celebrate the joyful anniversary of Amerrican Independence. The bells were all rung at Sundown.

MARRIED,

In this town, Mr. James Bott, jr. to Miss Priscilla Clark.—At Ipswich, Mr. Jedediah Chapman to Miss Sally Burnham.

DIED,

At Philadelphia, Dr. Elijah Perkins; much esteemed when living, and much lamented in his death. It is remarkable, though the Doctor had no previous indisposition which indicated to his friends the near approach of his dissolution; yet it appears from several circumstances, that he had a strong presentiment of his speedy departure. Walking with his lady in the fore part of the evening on which he died, and passing by a shop in which they perceived a coffin, he said, "Our friend is preparing a coffin for some person, and perhaps the next he makes may be for me"—which strikingly proved to be the case.

At Reading, Mr Eliab Stone, jr. aged 41, eldest son of the Rev. Eliab Stone.

In this town, (suddenly) Mr. John Carwick, aged 28. Mr. Nathan Luther, aged 71. Mr. John Janes, aged 35.

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